Gru. My M^r is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Petr. Will it not be?
Faith Sirrah, and you'l not knocke Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa,* and sing it.

He rings him by the eares

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortensio* come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signior mio Petruchio.
Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his seruice, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, and & rap him soundly sir, Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whome would to God I had well knockt at first then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.
Petr. A senceles villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I bad the raskall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? Oh heauens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knock me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirra be gon, or talke not I aduise you.
Hor. Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweete friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such winde as scatters yong men through the world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.

Signior

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into
Happily to wiue and thriue, as b
Crownes in my purse I haue, and
And so am come abroad to see th
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fa
Thou'dst thanke me but a little f
And yet Ile promise thee she shal
And very rich: but th'art too mu
And Ile not wish thee to her.
Petr. Hortensio, 'twixt such f
Few words suffice: and therefore
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*
As wealth is burthen of my woi
Be she as foule as was *Florentius*
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse
She moues me not, or not remou
Affections edge in me. Were she
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* se
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Pa*
If wealthily, then happily in *Pad*
Grue. Nay looke you sir, he te
Why giue him gold enough, an
Aglet babie, or an old trot with n
She haue as many diseases as two
comes amisse, so monie comes wi
Hor. Petruchio, since we are s
I will continue that I broach'd in j
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wif
With wealth enough, and yong a
Brought vp as best becomes a Ge
Her only fault and that is faults e
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd and froward, so beyo
That were my state farre worser th
I would not wed her, or anime of

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